Some of the over-paid ALIENS at MaRS DISCOVERY DISTRICT - a so-called "INCUBATOR" of SOCIAL CHANGE....

Trixie and Praetorius were schizophrenic, paranoid subtype. They had no imsight. They believed the rest of society were troglodytes determined to DESTROY them, when nobody had even heard of them till a few years ago when they started RAVING. "Everyone's CRAZY! The sky's FALLING! Send MONEY!"

They withdrew into the media bubble created by Citizen Hearse, Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre and their communications department.

They were Svengalis. Talking to themselves. Again? When had they ever stopped?

In their narcissism they awarded themselves prizes. Trixie became Communicator of the Year.

They believed their own propaganda, always the sign of a regime collapsing into MADNESS. Then, in a vicious circle, their PR was increasingly about their PR. They didn't talk about programs, they talked about ad campaigns ABOUT programs.

Finally they couldn't see history, not even their own recent history, except as a series of increasingly ridiculous and solipsistic phrases. Advertising slogans! Transforming lives, part of the neighborhood, you've changed, new kind of hospital, defeat denial, catalytic event, new era for Mental Hell, etc., etc....

The long history of patients, clients, doctors and hardware salesmen at Thing Street was totally elided. There was nothing between them and the Lunatic Asylum of 1850. They took credit for change, called it a transformation, and reversed it.